



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

He was one of the early owners of the New Almaden quicksilver mine in the present Santa Clara County, California. He is well known in local annals as one of the few foreigners who laid the basis of their fortunes in the old California of the days before the gold rush. His book has become a rare item much sought for by collectors; a copy of the original edition recently brought \$150.00, though the current price is about one-third that figure.

The publisher, therefore, performs a valuable service to lovers of Californiana by issuing this reprint. He has also done this in the case of the scarce *Narrative of Edward McGowan*, and has in hand a like project for the reproduction of the diary of the Antonio Maurelle voyage on the California coasts.

In each of these publications Mr. Russell has made page-for-page or even line-for-line reproductions. He performs the work in all stages with his own hands, and, being an old book-publisher with definite ideas as to style and form, he has dressed the old favorites in new and more attractive garb which pleases the eye and satisfies the lover of book perfection. Typographical and editorial mistakes in the originals are corrected, and varying usages are harmonized. The principles upon which the corrections are based are shown in prefatory pages.

The illustrations of Forbes, taken from the original imprint have, in a limited number of the edition, been hand-tinted. The publisher has added a valuable index.

HERBERT I. PRIESTLEY, PH.D.

The Book of Philadelphia, by Robert Shackleton, author of *The Book of Boston*, *The Book of New York*, *Unvisited Places of Old Europe*, etc. Illustrated with photographs and drawings by R. L. Boyer and Herbert Pullinger. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company, 1918. Pp. 420, 8vo.

“The typical Philadelphian,” says our author (p. 195), “is likely to feel a fine sense of certainty. One of the historical writers of the city—there are several, so it may be any one of them—was telling me of a work on which he was engaged which was to cover a period which, as I knew, is notable for the conflict of authorities. I made some obvious remark regarding the difficulties he had set himself to surmount; but he only replied, calmly: ‘There will be no

difficulties. I shall merely write it all just as it was'; than which the Recording Angel could say no more."

This anecdote is quoted here partly for its humor, partly for its moral. It is not to be taken as a characteristic illustration of the author's English style, for there are, of course, too many close repetitions of *which* to suit a fastidious taste; and otherwise the style of the volume is quite satisfactory, while its content is always most entertaining. The book is altogether charming, both in its letterpress and in its diversified pictorial illustrations. Better still, it is highly informative from many standpoints—literary, artistic and social, as well as historical. Perhaps best of all, it is not "just another book" with an intensely local flavor and atmosphere that would naturally appeal mostly—indeed, only—to the denizens of the city glorified in its pages. It presents to its readers all the inner charm and much of the outward phenomena of the City of Brotherly Love, it is true, but constantly bids them contemplate broader national—and even international—horizons; and the readers begin to see Philadelphia in its historical and artistic and literary setting. The volume should accordingly prove most interesting to all Americans. In furnishing for one local fact an attractive setting of a dozen national or international facts, the volume happily illustrates (if we may slightly alter a poet's line) "that pleasure in historic pains historians only know"; for the chief zest in historic research may lie in the discovery of a dozen unexpected things amid the long porings and borings for a single fact.

But to return to our sheep. The anecdote has humor "not only," but a moral as well. There are indeed many historical writers in Penn's Green Town, and not a few of them have been engaged, in recent years, upon the congenial task of writing or compiling (a real distinction is intended by the disjunction) books about Philadelphia. From their custom of not furnishing references to authorities for statements some of which are historically of a contentious character, "any one of them" (if we may repeat our author's phrase) might seem to fit into the anecdote. They might easily be conceived of as saying in substance, after their several fashions: "There will be no difficulties. I shall merely write it all just as it was." An obvious explanation of this "fine sense of certainty" is found in the popular character of their vol-

umes. Mayhap, also, there was an equally delicate sense of modesty in learning that shrank from a parading of authorities.

Howbeit, our author has a proper bone to pick with one of them. Macaulay's schoolboy would, of course, know that Philadelphia has two "Halls" most famous in American history, namely, Carpenters' Hall (where the work of Independence was begun in 1774) and "Independence Hall" (as the old State House is now commonly called, wherein the work of Independence was completed). But the notable schoolboy is a rare bird today "Before me," says our author (p. 83), "is a book containing an account of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, published in the year 1876, the year of the Centennial, when every detail and incident and locality bearing upon Philadelphia and the Revolution was discussed and rediscussed, and was supposedly in the minds of all Philadelphians and visitors and a great mass of the population of the United States. For 1876 was a year that drew marvelous attention to Philadelphia and aroused and awakened the keenest interest of Philadelphians themselves. The book bears the name of one R. M. Devons, described on the title page as 'Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.' And in the last paragraph of the description of the signing are the words: 'Carpenters' Hall—or Independence Hall—in Philadelphia, where the tremendous scenes transpired, is still one of the places which every American looks upon with patriotic pride'; as if the two buildings were one and the same!" To our author's criticism of the unfortunate *lapsus* that confounded two highly historic halls might be added a criticism of the word *transpired*. The deliberations of the First Continental Congress in Carpenters' Hall were secret. The "tremendous scenes" referred to occurred there, but transpired later.

In noting the *lapsus* of the Centennial historian, our author gently prepares us for a kindly judgment upon it by previously noting that, because of its nearly hidden location at present, Carpenters' Hall "has become a building overlooked, disregarded, a building almost mythical, even though it actually stands here in fascinating actuality ['actually stands . . . in . . . actuality'—the reviewer again protests that his quotations must not be taken as illustrative of the style of our author]. I should think that three-quarters, or even more, of the inhabitants of Philadelphia

do not know that such a building is honorably preserved; and the number of those who would be able to walk directly to the spot is quite negligible" (p. 83).

Apropos of our present inability (due to ignorance, not to geographical or other barriers) "to walk directly to the spot" of Carpenters' Hall, our author notes that the members of the Congress met first of all tentatively in the City Tavern—the Bellevue-Stratford of that time—and then "they all walked, by twos and threes, in general friendly companionship, along the narrow brick sidewalks, the short distance from the tavern to Carpenters' Hall. . . It was but a few minutes' walk; it was a walk of the briefest; but it was the most interesting walk in American history" (p. 86). A striking observation, and doubtless a true one, albeit involving the always dangerous superlative degree. We may compare or correlate it with a similar remark that occurs many pages further on: "As to walking on Chestnut Street—it is not likely that there will ever be anything more important, more impressive, than the march of the Continentals along this street, led by Washington, on their way to the battlefield of Brandywine; ragged, ill-shod, ill-clothed, ill-fed, they marched bravely on, with drumming and fifing, and each with a green twig in his hat" (p. 144).

Our author's inclusions are generously broadminded. The chapter on "The Hidden Churches" deals with the old and historic churches noted in every book on Philadelphia—Christ Church, with its "low spire that is hidden"; and St. Peter's with its "tall spire that is hidden"; and Old Swedes, with "no spire at all," and therefore still more hidden. "And when it comes to St. Joseph's—but that," says our author, "is still another story"; and Old St. Joseph's has a chapter devoted to it alone (with mention, however, of the old Catholic church of Holy Trinity), under the heading: "Within a Nooked Courtyard." The account is interesting. In the course of it, we are told that Longfellow's Evangeline "impressed herself locally far more deeply than have most of the actual distinguished folk of Philadelphia. She is more real than if she were really real! In fact, the story of Evangeline is taken with an amazing reality" (p. 37). The statue of Commodore Barry, too, comes in for honorable mention in the admirable description of the State House: "A vigorous statue, placed with peculiar prominence opposite the Independence Square face

of the State House is of Barry, a naval officer of the Revolution, a Philadelphian [but a native of Ireland]. He is buried in the Catholic St. Mary's, on Fourth Street" (p. 75).

One is pleasantly impressed, too, on finding some importance attached to the significant manner in which "Charles Carroll of Carrollton" affixed his name to the Declaration of Independence: "Most of the members formally signed this supposed Fourth of July document on August the second, but a few did not put down their names until still later. . . 'Charles Carroll of Carrollton,' who signed thus lengthily so that, as he expressed it, King George should know which Charles Carroll it was, was one who, like part of the Pennsylvania delegation, was a member on August 2 but not on the momentous July 4. It meant something, too, Carroll's saying this, for it is said that he added 'of Carrollton' because of the jeer of some member that there were so many Carrolls that he might be safe! He was believed to be the wealthiest man in the Colonies. His property at the beginning of the Revolution was estimated at two million dollars. All this he risked; yet he lived until 1832, to the age of 95, the last to survive of all the Signers" (p. 66).

By way of contrast with this exaltation of Carroll, Jefferson comes in for implicit denunciation (p. 68). "Where is Jefferson?" wrote Washington from Valley Forge: "The long, slim statesman is very prominent in Trumbull's picture, and was so in reality; but during the terrible days of Valley Forge, although then only about thirty-five years old, he was not in the army! His words had got other men in! Nor was he even with Congress. He had recently resigned, when strong men were desperately needed there, and had given his private concerns as excuse! He was rich, with a huge estate. He entered the state legislature, and before the war was over became Governor of Virginia. After all, North and South were alike; Hancock and Samuel Adams galloping in mad fear away from the coming fight at Lexington, and Jefferson shrinking from Valley Forge. If one chose to be cynical, he might remark that a successful statesman is a man who gets others to fight and then keeps away from the fighting" (p. 68).

The pages of this delightful volume are made very interesting by a profusion of appropriate anecdotes and witty sayings. Benjamin Franklin looms large throughout, of course, and is made the

center of many a happy reference to other great men, native and foreign. Towards the close of his life, for instance, he housed a printing-press (in a rude building on what is now Orianna Street) partly perhaps for his own pastime, but mostly in the interest of his grandson, Benjamin Franklin Bache, who subsequently turned it over to Duane. And "there arrived one day, looking for work, a young man from Ireland, named James Wilson; not James Wilson, the Signer, who is buried at Christ Church, but one who through a descendant won far greater fame. And at the press that Franklin had left, in the little printing shop he had built, there went to work this young Irishman, who shortly afterward married a Scotch-Irish girl who had crossed the ocean on the same ship with him; and a grandson of these two is Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States" (p. 44). "To add smaller things to great it may be mentioned it was in this now so dingy Orianna Street that the elder James Gordon Bennett began his printing career" (p. 44). Franklin built himself "a house of individuality," fireproofed and spacious, and furnished it with elegance. During the British occupancy of the city, Major André was billeted there and (so wrote Mrs. Bache to Franklin) took away with him a portrait of Franklin himself. "Major-General Grey . . . was likewise billeted at the Franklin home, and it is said that he, too, went off with a portrait, which long afterwards was sent back to the Franklin family by one of the general's descendants" (p. 46).

Our author is to be congratulated on a successful attempt to make outsiders love the green city of Penn and to understand its prime characteristics. There is not a "dry" page in the book. Philadelphia "shows lovable aspects to strangers" (p. 404). To Thackeray, it was "grave, calm, kind, old Philadelphia." To John Adams, it was "the happy, the peaceful, the elegant, the hospitable, and polite city of Philadelphia."

H. T. HENRY, LITT.D.

The Nullification Controversy in South Carolina. By Chauncey Samuel Boucher, Ph.D. Chicago, Illinois: The University of Chicago Press. Pp. 399, including maps, bibliography, and index. 1918.

This work treats of the development and culmination of Nullification in South Carolina, but it does not examine any of